

# HARMSWORTH USED THE BLUE PENCIL WITH MAGIC POWER ON THE N. Y. WORLD

He Boiled Everything Down to 250 Words, and Actually Wanted to "Kill" a Few High-Priced Advertisements.

INSISTED ON SOME THEATRICAL PICTURES AND ALLOWED TWO PAGES FOR SPORTS.

Those Delirium Tremens Heads Didn't Suit Him at All, and When They Served Champagne He Turned Down His Glass.

By REGINALD L. FOSTER, (Star Member of Pulitzer's Staff.)  
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NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—There strode into the office of the New York "World" on the afternoon of December 21—the nineteenth century's closing day—a young man well below forty. He had a clean shaven face, with pretty gray eyes, rather full cheeks, expressive mouth and a shock of yellow hair. His clothes were no better nor worse than the clothes of the hundred editors and reporters in sight. The one spot of color that shone above the dull brownness of his suit was a bright red necktie.

This young man was Alfred Harmsworth, London's journalistic prodigy, proprietor of more successful publications than any man in this world, and founder of the phenomenally profitable London "Daily Mail." He had come at Mr. Pulitzer's invitation to edit "The World" for one day. Carte blanche was given to him; he could do exactly as he pleased in any department. And he did.

"In the first place," announced the young editor—he is just turned thirty-four—"we will change the size. I am going to make to-morrow's paper half as big. There will be four columns to the page and the columns will be much shorter than they are regularly. This will make 'The World' much more convenient for reading and more easily carried in the pocket. Men will take the paper home with them instead of throwing it away, and that's what the advertisers want."

## THOSE JIM-JAM HEADS.

With that the new editor sent for all the heads of departments, and in fifteen minutes he had all the methods of "The World" at his fingers' ends. He looked over the display type and at once relegated to Limbo "The World's" regular "fourth" type. He chose for the lead lines a much smaller font, and allowed only four "blanks" of type instead of the regular six, which take up fully a fifth of a column alone.

Then he took a turn with the city department, where the local news is handled. "No story," he announced, "of more than 250 words."

The space writers looked aghast! "The World" to-day runs its news in more condensed form, probably, than any other paper of its size in the United States. And here was a man who proposed cutting everything in half again!

Then this remarkable young man hurried out into the art department. The artists were evidently expecting a new order, and Mr. Harmsworth's objections to cuts in a daily newspaper. Here came the surprise.

"MUST HAVE PICTURES, THOUGH," "I should say," he announced, decisively, "that we will need about four pictures a day to go with the news. Make your cartoon two columns, instead of four. Better have a picture on to-night's theatrical openings and one on the celebration of the new century. I suppose that will lead the local news to light."

Just then a note arrived from him. It was an invitation from the Press Club for him to come over and join in its festivities. He scribbled a line back:

"I can get fifteen minutes' leave of absence from 4 to 4:15 P. M. I will be delighted to be with you then."

Mr. Harmsworth kept his word. He was gone but fifteen minutes and returned ready to jump in again. There was another conference with some of the heads of departments.

"SPORTING BLOOD, TOO." "Now we will give a whole page to the theatre," said Mr. Harmsworth, "because I see there are many important openings, and we will give one page to sports and two to sporting events. Every day."

The Englishman's love of sport was showing even in this busy editor.

"But," he added, "let nothing exceed the limit of space. Condensation is the pass word of the coming newspaper. Every thing should be presented in the briefest form. People have not the time to read long stories. They lose their interest in them."

By this time things were shaping themselves smoothly. The new order was being put into effect in a surprisingly easy way. Here was a huge and highly specialized newspaper organization doing everything differently for just one day, and yet there was no hitch—no jar. Editors and reporters went about their jobs just as if it had been any other day of the year.

## AN ANECDOTE OF RECENT CAMPAIGN

The Hog Outwitted Mr. Lacey's Eloquence.

BRONZE CAST OF WASHINGTON

Bill on House Calendar to Purchase a Bronze, the Original of Which Is the Famous Statue by Houdon

In the Capitol Here.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—"You remember the Lacey case, which prevailed during the recent election," said Representative Lacey, of Iowa, with a characteristic twinkle that always foreshadows an anecdote. "Every stump-speaker in the country felt and commented on it at the time, and every one had some theory in trying to account for it. I felt it wherever I spoke, but it did not harm me greatly. My theory was that the people were underdominated and apparently indifferent because they were satisfied with the condition of the country. Still it annoyed me to address an audience and fail to awaken a little enthusiasm. After every meeting the audience would disperse quietly and go home without anything to remind you of the spirit of '96. Then people would gather in groups and wave their arms and talk it all over after the meeting more or less excitedly. Now all was decent and decorous as a church

and then Mr. Harmsworth retired to write his two editorials; and here, strangely enough, Mr. Harmsworth violated his own rules about condensation. Each of his editorials was a column long and contained more words than any article in the paper, save one. And here, too, he upset "The World's" ideas, for its editorials are couched in the briefest form and seldom run over 250 words; while short paragraphs are liberally sprinkled in between.

It was dinner time now, and the night force of editors and copy readers was waiting for the night city editor, who has charge of handling all the city copy. Mr. Harmsworth was particularly careful in his directions.

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